

## Camp Strange-Blood by Rollyzen

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**Summary:**

Steve Harrington has been at Camp Half-Blood since he was twelve. Five years later, Billy Hargrove shows up. He's sixteen.

Alive.

And Sixteen.

Everyone is baffled by how old he is, but none more than Steve, who knows what it's like to be one of the most powerful demigods. Who knows what it's like to be a child of one of the Big Three.

Somehow, looking at him, Steve imagines Billy won't want the bright orange camp shirt he's got for him.

## 1. Chapter 1

Steve can't remember for sure what day he arrived at camp, only that he was covered in blood when he did. The image of the orange camp shirt being held out to him by an older, tentative camper was something burned into his mind. After five years it still stuck with him as *he* greeted new campers. It was something he took very seriously. A lot of the time campers were scared or sad when they got to camp. Not all demigods were reached in time to save them from the monsters drawn to them. Those who survive usually have a tale or two to tell afterwards.

However, none had survived alone as long as Billy Hargrove. Very rarely did someone over the age of twelve arrive at camp for their first time. Yet, Billy was *sixteen*, a whole year younger than Steve, and walked in without a trauma on him. Steve's mouth ran dry. Chiron had briefed him earlier in the morning about the boy a group of campers were going to retrieve. Steve had been ready, waiting, to receive a kid in need of coddling or a pillar of support. What he got was a cock-sure hunk surrounded by a group of dirtied and pissed off campers. Needless to say he was caught off guard.

Upon seeing him, the kids smile tightly and leave huffing.

"Hi." Steve says slightly dazed.

The smile he gets is all teeth.

"Hey there, Pretty Boy. You come to rescue me, too?"

Steve hugs the camp shirt closer to his chest. While it may make him look self-conscious, it's a reminder to restrain himself from being too harsh on new campers. Steve is well aware he's a walking contradiction.

"No, my name is Steve, and I'm going to show you around the camp."

Billy shrugs before reaching into his pocket and lighting up a cigarette, "Sounds good, Princess. You going to tell me why a bunch of crazy kids captured me and brought me here? I'm not joining a cult."

His tone is noticeably more threatening than his easy going posture. Steve bites the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling. A cult. That was an apt description.

"What makes you think they're crazy, Billy?" Steve deflects and starts walking.

Billy follows, but now he's scowling.

"Oh, I don't know. How about the part where they wouldn't stop jibber-jabbering about monsters and gods?" He snaps.

Steve raises an eyebrow, "And you don't believe them..?"

"Of course I don't!"

Steve's gotten them away from other campers, so he can calm Billy down.

"Tell me why."

Billy steps into his space and jerks him closer by his camp shirt.

"Don't talk down to me, Pretty Boy. I'm not a freak."

"No," Steve says easily. "You're not a freak. Nobody here is a freak. We're all sired from a god or goddess."

Billy steps back to look at him with guarded eyes. Despite his age, Steve doesn't think Billy is all that different from other campers.

"Tell me why." He parrots back at him.

Steve exhales and straightens his shirt back out, briefly morning new cigarette-sized scorch mark.

"This is a camp for demigods. We attract monsters, so we train to combat them."

"You, too? With the monsters again? Now, I *know* you're too old for that shit."

Billy locks eyes with him defiantly like he can't help but do it.

"I notice you didn't say anything about the demigod part."

His silence is telling. Steve snatches the cigarette and takes a drag while Billy just looks at him.

The smoke curls in the air like ribbons, "We have dinner together every night. That's when most people get claimed by their parents. For some people it *never* happens. We make our plates and put some of our best food into the fire as an offering to the gods. It's ceremonial."

Steve doesn't try to make eye contact with Billy as he holds the cigarette out to him.

"Also, I wouldn't go around calling everyone crazy and saying the gods and goddesses aren't real. Especially when we have one living in the vicinity."

"Who?"

A side of Steve's mouth curves up at the masked eagerness, "Dionysus. He goes by Mr.D, though. I wouldn't advise trying to challenge him under any circumstances. That goes for all Olympians."

Billy had calmed down marginally as he now only scuffed his booted in the ground.

"Do you have *many* run-ins with gods?"

Steve hummed noncommittally, "More than you'd think. They get bored."

Before Billy could toss his finished cigarette to the ground, he grabbed it and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the training ground.

"Should we go ahead and get started with the introduction, then?"

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As the day grew on and the tour neared its end, Steve found Billy increasingly impossible to read. Either way, he continued with his job as a glorified tour guide until dinner.

Where Billy was claimed.

By *Mother Fucking Zeus*.

Steve was surprised in the way most people are surprised about winning over two dollars on a lottery ticket, that is to say, less than everyone else was. He wasn't sure what to do under the circumstances, either. Was he supposed to clap him on the shoulder and be happy? *Hey, man, welcome to the team of the Big Three*. Or was he supposed to play out the family rivalry gig and act like they were mortal enemies now? *Stay in your lane, Hargrove*. While Steve was left floundering in his thought as usual, Billy took to the attention like a duck to water. He ate it up and played along with the praises of the younger campers, a whole different person than the angry boy in the woods.

Without a good idea of what to do he decided to leave the dining pavilion and the ruckus. His home would be quiet enough for him to think. Children of Hades didn't have a "cabin". Instead, Steve made his way to a hill. It was much better than it appeared on the outside, as a door in a hill. The location was mildly inconvenient at times when he was forced to run across the entire camp to get to the stables for grooming duty. He's gotten much better at calming the animals down over the years. The amphitheater was easily spotted from his door and was the last place he passed on his way to his home. There was a small Cerberus statue outside beside the door mat that always made him want to coo at it. His father wasn't the only one who loved Cerberus.

After walking in, a three foot tall mass jumped on him, bringing him to the ground.

He groaned, "Molly."

As a half brother of Cerberus, Molly was adored just as much by Steve. He was primarily an inside dog, guarding Steve's home for the most part. He'd been a present for his thirteenth birthday, his first at camp. Molly had been miffed at first when Steve had called him a girl, which Steve knows because the bite marks left light scarring on his ankle. Molly mostly stayed as an over-sized Siberian Husky when he was around Steve, sometimes materializing his snake tail.

Although- at first sight- he was slightly unnerved at the sight of a three-headed dog, this was before he'd been further subjected to monsters. Eventually, Molly helped him like a service dog. He wonders sometimes if Hades could tell he was going to have a rough time adjusting to his new life.

One of Molly's heads nipped his ear, and he obligingly ran a hand through his fur before pushing him off.

"Okay, okay. I'm here."

Molly was big and wide enough to smother him, and the big dog knew it. Steve fortunately trained him out of licking his face, though.

"I don't suppose you want to go outside?"

The dog huffed at him and jumped up onto the couch across the room. Steve winced at the creaking.

"Yeah, I wouldn't want to either. There's a new..Remember I had a new camper to show around?"

Molly flicked his ears and looked at him with bright blue eyes.

"So, he's actually sixteen- yeah, I know, right?- and the god who claimed him is one of the Three."

He barked happily.

"No, not my dad. Think..the *most* problematic." Steve avoided saying Zeus' name. Mr. D had made it clear that the Olympians paid attention sometimes. He'd scared a group of campers half to death after he popped in out of nowhere when they were making rude remarks about his clothes.

Molly sank back into the couch with a grumble.

"Yeah. I don't know what to do about it. Campers change once they get here. *People* change. Should I be making a bigger deal about it? Like, 'I'm going to make sure Hades stays top dog around here if it's the last thing that I do.' Is that the right way to go?"

Molly just chitters in amusement while he paces.

"*He* might be like that. There's no telling what information the younger campers are feeding him. He certainly didn't have any problem getting physical earlier. I still- no, not like that. Geez.- I still don't understand how he's alive while being a demigod to *one of the most powerful gods*. I don't want to ask either...don't you think it'd be insensitive? I shouldn't, right?"

Steve flings himself into the recliner by the couch,"Oh my gods, I'm doing it, Molly."

Molly sets his head on the arm of the couch and just looks at him in that judgy way of his whenever Steve has dwelt on something for too long.

"I'm doing the cliché 'pacing and plotting in my lair' thing again. This is too much." Molly barks softly in agreement.

Steve runs a hand over his heads one at a time,"I think I'm going to get some sleep tonight."

He playfully nips Steve's fingers in a show for him to go to bed. Steve sinks into his California king bed and reflects. It doesn't bother him. He's gotten used to camp life and the loneliness that it entails for him specifically. Chiron always seems to understand- never made him do group stuff because it would never end well for Steve. It's different now that he's older. He isn't a kid that's 'teased' or 'bullied' anymore. The reason for that would sometimes lay heavily on him, but as a counselor of counselors it wouldn't cloud his view of the present campers. Steve *loved* all these kids and the safety the camp provided them. He could only bear to dwell in the present because of what his past futures *did* hold and what his present futures *might*.

And right now Billy Hargrove was his present. Well, shit.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve gets a wake-up call.

Being underground was an innate comfort for Steve. Like all demigods, he found comfort in his parent's element. The only drawback of where he lived was the particular location. Most of the hills that surrounded Camp Half-Blood went along with the boundary line in terms of protection. Some campers in the past never made it past that line before they died. Their voices would sometimes come to Steve in his sleep. Their souls were gone, Steve knew, but the residual energy that all death left behind affected him sometimes. However, last night was a good night. Molly had sprawled at the end of his bed, and he'd woken up rested for once.

But it was to someone banging on his door like there was a fire.

Molly was already rearing to pounce by the time he made it to the door, all ears perked and tail hissing. He threw open the door and heard a boney *knock* followed by a groan.

"*Shit*, Steve! What the hell?"

Dustin Henderson held his chin with an irritated frown.

"What do you mean 'what the hell'? Why are you banging on my door so early, Dustin? I was *sleeping*."

He looked briefly guilty but then smiled, "That's great, Steve."

"*Dustin*?" He prompted impatiently.

"Right. Right." He refocused. "Uh, you gotta come break up this fight! The new guy's got a death wish! He's trying to go toe to toe with Mr. D!"

Steve flew back into his house and ignored how Dustin followed right behind him.



"So, you thought it would be a better idea to get *me* instead of *Chiron*?"

He quickly changed into a camp shirt and athletic shorts he had laid out while he half-way listened to Dustin's response. Molly wagged his, now normal, tail and tried to persuade the younger camper to pet him by easing under one of Dustin's limp hands. Steve rolled his eyes.

"You know, you might get more attention if you left the house."

"What?" Dustin asked in confusion.

"Wasn't talking to you. Let's go."

Molly predictably didn't come, and Dustin had trouble keeping up as Steve raced to the amphitheater. By the time he arrived, Billy looked stunned as Mr. D sneered at him. A small throng of campers had gathered a safe distance away to watch the event unfold. Steve hissed at them, ineffectively, to go back to their cabins as he pushed his lethargic body to move between the god and his designated, dumbass camper.

"Mr. D, I am terribly sorry for the disturbance." Steve lowered his head to the god once he stood in front of him and tried to catch his breath.

"I thought you trained your campers better than *this*, Harrington."

His skin prickles at the use of his last name. He briefly lifts his head to glare back at Billy.

"Yes, sir. I understand, but Billy has barely been here a day. He's still adjusting."

Billy seems to snap out of his trance or whatever it was and spins Steve around roughly by the shoulder, "I'm not one of your kids, Princess. Don't go acting like you're my parent."

Steve sees a sadistic light shine in the director's purple eyes and wants to slap Billy for whatever idea he's helped manufacture.

"Oh, Stephan, you know I love a good show. Why don't you two make

it up to me for wasting my time?"

Steve is made even more uneasy by the stormy shadow that takes over Billy's face.

"I'm not a sideshow. You can *all* fuck off." He sneers pointedly at the campers. Steve watches as his eyes catch over Dustin, and he takes a step forward.

"You the little shit that called in *Momma* Steve over here?"

He feels his face heat up and watches as Dustin gulps and takes a step back. Like a shark that can smell blood in the water, Billy slinks after him.

Steve wonders- not for the first time- how the kid wasn't a son of Poseidon. Everything about him screams 'West Coast'. From his pretty tanned skin and manicured appearance to his long and curly dirty-blond hair, it made Steve think 'vacation'. He made Steve an unfamiliar kind of nervous. Billy was a wave: calm until it was pulling you under and drowning you.

One of the reasons Steve doesn't do field work is because he isn't *good* at it. The major point is because he gets caught up in his head. For instance, while he's been rambling on about how 'beachy' Billy Hargrove is, he's taken Dustin up off the ground by the collar of his shirt.

Steve ignores the clip-clopping of hooves that no doubt means Chiron is coming and steps up to Billy, just in time to hear him tease 'fuck's wrong with your teeth, kid?'. Now, Steve isn't particularly 'protective' of any of the campers when it comes to them getting hurt, but he knows for a fact that Dustin is very sensitive over his genetic condition. He's gotten into many fights over it, and Steve would bet all his drachmas that the kid will swing on Billy. He'd also be willing to bet even more that Billy would swing back and put Dustin in the infirmary.

His fist catches the underside of Billy's jaw with a clack of teeth. Dustin pulls back to get out of Steve's way, and he distantly notes that Chiron trots over to put a hand on his back.

Billy whips his head back up with a snarl and lunges at Steve. Chiron runs a hand down his face and shakes his head at the both of them. Steve easily parries him, like a bull. Electricity starts to pop along Billy's hands as his eye smolder with a glare, seeming to light up, too. It excites something in Steve to see it happen. Billy is all unbridled anger. Anger that doesn't have a definite outlet so it'll strike anywhere, just like his father's lightning. Steve once had that problem, too. He doesn't like to be angry, but some people get under his skin and stay there like an itch, making him snap with the slightest provocation. Billy was looking to be one of those people, apparently. He's starting to see how Billy could be Zeus' kid after all.

While Steve's comparing them to each other and trying to pick apart Billy's many issues, he takes a shot at Steve's shoulder that brings both of them down in a flurry of misplaced feet. Steve expertly spins them around so the blonde lands hard on the ground under him. Steve's *irritated* for once. This cocky first year camper hadn't even been there for a day, and he disrupts Steve's entire schedule so he can pick a fight? He tightens his hands on lapels of the light denim jacket. Steve can hear the crowd of campers that had come to watch start to back up further. Billy looks dazed as he jerks his back off the ground to get close to his face. Steve's practically in his lap at this point.

Steve hisses into his ear, "Listen. I don't care if you wanna pick a fight with someone, okay? But make sure they can fight back. We're all here for the same reason, more or less. You wanna fight? Fine. We can spar on the training ground, but not if you're going to act like more of a child than our youngest do. And I *fucking told you* not to mess with the *only* god on campus, and what do you do? The exact opposite. Do us both a favor, Hargrove. Pretend like everything's fine, and go back to your cabin. I'll come get you later in the morning."

Billy's completely lucid when Steve leans back. Awake enough to see the dead grass and flowers they now sit on and the way his breath fogs even though the weather is a far cry from cool.

He looks Steve over before a sultry smile comes over his face, "Well, I'd love to go on a date with you, Pretty Boy. All you had to do was ask."

Steve sighs and releases the jacket from his grip. Billy falls flat and

sends him a small glare in exchange. He can only guess how much fun Aphrodite's cabin is going to have with this. Hopefully, Dustin won't spread anything once they're all inside. Nobody around his own age has dared approach him so callously. He wonders what made Billy try to square up to the director even after he was warned. Mr. D was gone when he stood and brushed off his shorts, so he assumed Billy was in the clear for now. It must've been an okay "show" then. Gods, he hated when the Director did that. Chiron gives the kids who have congregated a stern eye, and they rush in the direction of their cabins. Steve watches as Dustin fruitlessly tries to slip away with them.

Chiron briefly slips his hand to the back of Dustin's neck to lightly squeeze in reminder before letting go.

"Is there a reason you went to Steve instead of me, Mr. Henderson?"

Steve watches in bemusement as Dustin shoots him a pleading stare. He gives him a shrug in return.

"Steve is..an eager problem solver."

"And I'm not a 'problem solver'?" Chiron asked not unkindly, while Steve glared in offense.

Dustin panicked, "No! You are, but I thought Steve might..be more effective- er, more interested in this, um, particular problem."

The centaur raised an eyebrow, and Dustin gestured for him to crouch down. Steve watched suspiciously as Dustin whispered into the activities director's ear.

Chiron's tail flicked in what Steve was almost positive was amusement, "For future reference, just know that I am invested in the problems and well-being of *all* my campers. That being said, you can clean the showers before tomorrow's evening dinner, yes?"

Dustin looked like he was going to try and talk his way out of having to do work, so Steve spoke over him.

"He'd love to, Chiron."

Steve received a look of utter betrayal before Dustin was ushered off, walking with a slouch to the cabins. Chiron sent him a *Look* that meant they would probably be having a chat in a few hours and then left the amphitheater grounds. Billy stayed sprawled on the ground and watched him go.

Grudgingly, Steve held out his hand. Billy looked at it for a split second before a sneer split his face, and he slapped it away. Steve schooled his features as the other boy pulled himself up and walked away without a backward glance. It made his chest feel tight. He *failed*. The anger he'd held melted the longer he watched the retreating denim jacket. Billy was just a *different* kind of camper. It was his first day. There would be other days that Steve would have time to help. But his leering face was branded into his mind. He used to look like that, too. Steve just hoped that Billy wouldn't get the same push that he did.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

And here we are. I recommend subscribing to get an email when i update because i have zero schedule. idk what im doing.

### **Author's Note:**

OKAY SO JUST IN CASE YOU MISSED IT, I'M CHANGING SHIT BECAUSE I HATE MATCHING STUFF UP WITH OTHER NARRATIVES. IF STUFFS WRONG JUST ROLL WITH IT BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING. OTHERWISE, LET ME KNOW HOW YOU'RE FEELING. AH. SUBSCRIBE FOR WHEN I UPDATE.